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Original Poetry.

THE DREAM OF THE BETROTHED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

I dreamed of thee, a sorrowful dream—
I slept in tears last night,
And I waked with joy when the morning beam
Came first upon my sight.
I dreamed of thee in sorrow and shame,
Of a fond heart left alone,
And thou had'st won the traitors name,
And the lone heart was my own.

I dreamed thou wert gone forever, gone
From a love so fond as mine,
And there came a cold farewell alone
With a stab in every line.
It called me fickle, it called me vain,
It called me a worthless thing,
It said thou had'st broken a galling chain,
And fled with a lighter wing.

It bid me think no more on thee
With my cold and selfish thought,
But herd with those who were fit for me,
And be humbled as I ought.
It told me of kisses given my lips
When the heart was far estranged,
Of the forced delight the deceiver keeps,
When all within is changed.

It told me of scorn, oh! pitying heaven!
For the love thou had'st sought and won,
Of scorn for me whose soul was given
To thee when its life begun.
But an hour since thou had'st drawn me home
To thy heart as a nestling bird,
And felt the words that struggled to come,
And were breathed in a kiss unheard.

It told—oh no—I will speak no more
Of that heavy dream to-night,
For thine arms enfold me as before,
And my heart is very light.
Thou callest me yet thy spirit bride,
Thou hast kissed me as of old,
Thou wilt not forget me in thy pride,
Thou wilt never be harsh and cold.

Original Tales.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "FIRST AND SECOND LOVE."

CHAPTER I.

"Ah! lightly do mortals estimate the blessings conferred upon them by a gracious Providence!" said Mr. Stuart of Fawngrove, seated in an easy chair beside a glowing coal fire. "Even at this moment, the most pleasant of the whole day, I am afraid I am not sufficiently grateful for the absolute luxuries that surround me."

"And why so?" queried his wife, a pleasant smile stealing over her thoughtful face.

"Why! how can any breathing creature be more blessed than myself? Here, amid all the appliances of wealth, the heart may grow forgetful from whence they are derived, the mind may become effeminate and listless, unfit to encounter the difficulties of the world."

Mrs. Stuart smiled again indulgently as her eye glanced round the comfortable apartment. It was her husband's whim to consider his own parlor the most elegant in the whole village, his life of quiet ease the most luxurious. It was an innocent, nay, an amiable prejudice, and she never attempted to undeceive him, from which attempt, had she succeeded, she would have derived no advantage, nor wrought any improvement in the pious and happy tenor of his thoughts.

And yet, though furnished with no ostentatious display, and with few of the luxuries of a city drawing-room, the parlor of Mr. Stuart of Fawngrove, presented at this moment a most beautiful appearance. The warm lurid light of the grate fire illuminated its recesses, gleaming over the white walls, and the high and quaintly carved ceiling, and throwing into dark shadows the forms of the pair, who sat side by side, in their antique chairs, whose crimson cushions glowed into yet brighter coloring. It was a long and singularly shaped apartment, with one large, magnificent window, directly opposite the brilliant fire, both, as it were, dividing the length of the spacious room. But now the damask curtains were loosed from the gilded bands that confined them, and fell together over the richly patterned carpet, for it was deepening twilight. The marble centre-table was drawn aside, and the tall astral lamp, yet unlighted, threw up its lengthened shadow, intercepted in its course by the portrait of some grim and stern ancestor, some staunch and veteran soldier, who had suffered, perhaps unavoidably, this portrait, and a vague tradition of his own military laurels to descend to posterity. Its present possessor, indeed, held in profound veneration all ancient usages, preserving with scrupulous care the massive, old-fashioned furniture of the room, and scarcely consenting to his lady's intervention on behalf of cushions for the dark, walnut sofas and chairs, though here and there, a footstool or a divan, evidently of fine modern embroidery, contrasted forcibly with the quaint and grotesque panneling. The most splendid, nay, the only splendid article, were two large mirrors, reaching almost from the ceiling to the floor, and occupying each, the end of this long apartment. And these, too, by the curious and massive gilding were relics of some past century.

The whole was in accordance with the somewhat antiquated taste of Mr. Stuart, who, when a young man, after wandering amid the ruins of the old world, sought the busy scenes of the new, bringing with him these relics, rescued from his father's hall, to place them in this room built in exact similitude to one, through which his gleesome laugh, thrilling from the merry heart of boyhood had sounded, amid the glens of his own native Scotland. It would have been a pleasure to the then enthusiastic youth to have lived and died as did his honored father, laird of his own domain, but early cast upon the wide world with impoverished fortunes and no brilliant endowments, his better genius whispered that in another country, and with the countenance of American friends, he might more successfully combat the vicissitudes of life. Thither he came, bringing with him a fair young bride to share the anxiety of his first few years of business, and after awhile, to wither away like a blighted bud, amid the lovely and beautiful flowers of our forest land.

She, who now sat beside him, the chosen partner of maturer years, was an American dame, and a young lady, who stood in the recess of the window, separated from the apartment by the drawn curtains, was their only child; though a union, which had taken place between their only children by former marriages, cemented still more firmly the bond of interest and affection that united this married pair.

It was a cold, clear night, late in October. The firmament, without a cloud to mar its dark, deep beautiful blue, glittered on every side with the myriads of brilliants, set by the hand of the Almighty within the scope of our vision, as evidences of the illimitable glory of His creation. The youthful daughter of this honored pair had turned away with a restless beating heart from the social fireside, and now stood, with her head leaning against the sash, and the full radiance of celestial lights beaming upon her countenance. The calm beauty of their effulgence stole with a soothing influence into the heart of Elizabeth Stuart. As her eyes wandered from the gem-lit heavens to the wintry prospect before her; the lawn, with its grass sere and brown, yet fringed with crisp frost, and the snow that had fallen that afternoon: the trees, whose mighty spreading arms protuded between her and the road, winding away in the distance; as she marked the hurried pace of a servant boy, who urged his horse toward the house,—a bright smile wreathed her lips, and her small fingers beat impatiently upon the glass.

In a few minutes a door in the parlor opened, and the maiden, pushing aside the drooping curtains, advanced to receive a letter, for which the boy had been despatched to the neighboring post-office.

"Bring a light!" she cried joyfully; and very soon two large silver candlesticks were placed upon a side table, lights gleaming from the summit of each tall candle. With a half petulant air, the young lady handed the letter to her mother, after having discovered it was not destined for her, and something very like a frown gathered over her smooth brow.

"You did not perceive it was from Isabella, I am sure, or you would not have been so indifferent, my child," said Mrs. Stuart, adjusting her spectacles, while her husband broke the seal; and the daughter, who had been sadly disappointed, returned to the table, somewhat ashamed of her impatience.

As the old lady read the letter, her mild features assumed a very troubled expression, tears gushed from her eyes,—in the excess of her emotion, she could scarcely communicate its contents to her alarmed companions.

"Poor, poor Isabelle!" she at last ejaculated, brushing away the tears, "her cup of affliction is drugged to overflowing. She writes the evening of her baby's burial, with an anguished and bereaved spirit. This is the second of her children carried away by a virulent scarlet fever, that in almost every instance where it attacks, proves fatal. The oldest, my little Isabella, alone remains. And our daughter,—but I will read you what she says in conclusion—

"I feel just now as if I could bear nothing more, and yet another trial is awaiting me in the illness of my husband. Theodore was attacked suddenly and violently last night. It is this dreadful fever,—this second plague. If he should die!—oh, God! if he should die! Come to me, mother, father, come! this perpetual wearing of body and spirit cannot last long,—and though I am aware of the difficulties you will labor under in leaving home—I cannot live without some support. The silence and solitude of our house, where once was heard my childrens' voices is awful!—come to us!"

Mrs. Stuart paused, and buried her face in her hands. Her daughter threw her arms around her neck and wept unrestrainedly, while the father paced the room with uneven steps.

"Mary!" he cried, "this letter has been four days and nights on its way from Ohio—long ages of suffering to Theodore. In an equal time, I calculated it to-day, we can stand beside him. And let no time be lost!—while we loiter our son may be dying—oh! that I had never consented to a separation from him, my only son. But this is vain now—I will order the carriage at three o'clock to-morrow morning, that we may intercept the early train of cars at H——. And go you now immediately and prepare for the journey."

"Mother, I entreat you to let me accompany you!" supplicated Elizabeth Stuart. "I can be of great service to Isabelle, and who knows, but you may need a nurse yourself."

"No, no! my child," was the response—"you can be of infinitely more service here. What would become of our house and grounds were we all to desert them? Besides, you have other and weighter claims upon you. How could we excuse your sudden flight to Mr. Selwin, when your marriage is expected to take place so early in the spring? I will write you more particularly my desires respecting you."

In the solitude of her deserted home Elizabeth Stuart passed a few anxious and inquiet days. With all the fervency of a warm, generous heart, she loved her brother and sister, and possessing a glowing and ready imagination, her mind conjured up many a scene of trial and suffering for both. As she sat listlessly beside the large Gothic window, her hands drooping unconsciously upon her lap, and the expression of her face, and her whole attitude bespeaking absence of thought, few could have read, in those plain, but strongly marked features, the fever and excitement that made anxiety so distressing. Before her mind's eye rose a sick chamber—the chintz curtains drawn carefully about the bed, and all objects softened by the twilight of a darkened room,—she shuddered as she thought it might be, of death. Beside the bed knelt a female figure, of small, but exquisite proportions. She knew the soft brown hair that hung over the counterpane—she knew the white tapering fingers that were clasped in prayer, and the pale beautiful face raised with a settled look of agony to that of the invalid's, whose eyes were closed in a troubled and unnatural sleep, soon to give place to the ravings of delirium. She knew the fairy girl of six years, that stood, her finger on her lip, motioning to silence the attendant; and, lo! in their burial robes, cold and silent and rigid, lay her two pets;—those darling boys, that but the previous summer, had gamboled by her side, and woven amid her hair thick clusters of their wild mountain laurel—themselves, the very personifications of life and gaiety. Alas! the dark and dreary earth pressed heavily over each sunny brow, for death had sealed to silence each pouting lip.

Thus she mused one day, and, as if in mockery of her feelings, the sun of that day was calm, and mild, and glorious—the sun of Indian Summer. As thus she mused with the piece of needle-work that had failed to interest her, lying untouched upon her lap, a door at the farthest extremity of the room opened, and a gentleman entered, who stood for a moment silently within the threshold, his eyes fixed upon the unconscious girl. And never, within the precints of that antique parlor, had lingered a more noble form. He was of firm and stately, yet graceful and elegant carriage, replete with all the dignity of matured and august manhood. He was young too, yet past the fiery and feverish years of reckless impulse. None who looked upon the majesty of that proud head, could deny that he was richly and rarely gifted. Genius of the highest order expressed itself in every curve and outline of his lineaments—genius, in her most glorious and visible form. Nor his the timid, shrinking character, ignorant of his own powers, and unwilling to confess them;—the consciousness of noble intellect was in the clear, free, searching expression of those dark grey eyes; a knowledge that appreciated, yet never overrated—a knowledge, that, thoroughly spurning the petty vanity and consequential airs assumed by some, gave dignity and beauty to its possessor, a rare light from the soul dwelling upon and irradiating those finely cut features.

So absorbed was the maiden in her own gloomy reflections, that she had not noticed the silent entrance of the new comer, nor was she aware of his presence until he advanced one or two steps towards her. Then lifting her head suddenly, with a startled look of delight upon her face, that made it almost beautiful, she sprang forward to meet him.

"Dear, dearest Lionel!" she cried, brushing away the tears of real joy that dimmed her eyes, "I had looked for a letter so long from you that disappointment angered me, and had you come less suddenly, or at a less welcome moment, who knows?"———

"What scoldings might have been poured—lava-like, upon my poor devoted head," cried Lionel Selwin, laughingly interrupting her. "But without trusting to a treacherous post, I chose to be the bearer of my own despatches, to represent a letter myself."

"And you have come at a right welcome time. I am distressed and sick with anxiety, but you have not heard of our distresses."

"Yes! yes! Elizabeth, I learnt all from the Inn-keeper of Fawngrove, where I dined an hour ago—and here, I hope, is something that will relieve you of fears for your brother's safety. The servant gave it to me as I passed up stairs."

With a trembling hand the young lady opened the letter. It was from her mother and contained intelligence of their safe arrival and of the convalescence of her brother.

"We cannot recall those darlings that have left us forever," wrote she, "but we can cheer the living, and be a comfort and support in many ways, by remaining. So we have concluded to spend the winter here, and it is our wish that, as soon as possible, you will leave our home to the care of the trusty old housekeeper, and accept the invitation proffered some weeks ago from your aunt, Mrs. Scott, to spend your winter with her in New York. You will, I imagine, find in your cousin Abby a very agreeable companion, and as my sister wishes you to become intimate, our absence will afford you an opportunity of mingling in general society. Knowing, as I do, that your correct principles and firm judgment, will discard all that which is vain and frivolous in fashionable life, I feel no uneasiness as to the effect the novelty of a gay winter might have upon you. Therefore enjoy life, my dear child, in the new and bright world that is opening before you, for ere long, another will claim the duties, the time and the pleasures that have hitherto been at your own disposal."

More, much more, the letter contained—words of caution and entreaty that Elizabeth remembered months afterwards, when circumstances occurred which altered her destiny in life, but which she now passed idly over, and blamed her thoughtful mother for harboring rash and groundless fears, unworthy of her kind, affectionate nature.

"It is a beautiful day Elizabeth," said her lover, as she closed the letter, and turned towards him with a glad smile. "Shall we not walk out into the open air? The confinement of a house always oppresses me in Indian Summer. Ah! citizens little know how pleasant the country is just now, or more of them would follow my example. But very few," he added, tenderly, "find such a trusting and devoted heart. Such love as yours, dearest, to lend a glory to the very sun that shines in heaven!"

They went forth arm in arm, that youthful and affianced pair. They went forth beneath the sunny sky, while all around them lay the beautiful earth, its meadows wearing almost a summer green. They went forth in the full confidence of earnest and confiding love; his, the strong and wild idolatry that belongs to stern hearts thoroughly subdued by the one o'ermastering passion;—hers, that pure and true devotion, that best, most steadfast love, which a high-souled and intelligent woman alone is capable of feeling. And in their hearts, strong hopes, bright and glad anticipations of the future made all surrounding objects beautiful.

"God is great and powerful—God is wise and good," murmured Elizabeth, "you and I, Lionel, are living witnesses of His omnipotence. Alas! how seldom, when our hearts beat high with pleasure, when the world smiles upon us, and no cloud rests upon the sky of our destiny, but when the glorious sun of joy shines as fully and unveiledly as this of to-day, how seldom do we proffer thanks to the Giver of all! How I love the truly good and pious Lionel! in my mind they are invested with transcendent loveliness of character, and surrounded, as it were, with a perpetual halo of light."

"This is a new theme for you, Lizzy," gaily interrupted her companion; "a new theme—and one that calls forth most harmonious language, at least, in your case; it suits well your richly modulated voice."

For the first time the words of her lover produced an unpleasant effect upon Elizabeth. Involuntarily she paused, and withdrawing her hand, looked into his face—but in a moment after these mistrustful feelings passed, and she resumed her walk.

CHAPTER II.

In an elegant drawing-room in New York, three persons were seated beside a large portfolio, that contained a variety of new and splendid engravings—two ladies and a gentleman. The elder of the former was Elizabeth Stuart—the latter, Lionel Selwin. The other, a girl of eighteen, beautiful as a painter's richest fancy. Of the medium height, slender and graceful in her person, with that nameless air of elegance and fashion, which wealth and high station in the gay world give. The predominant expression of her face, was light-hearted, almost childish gaiety, and those fair, delicate features lost nothing in beauty by the perpetual sunshine that gleamed over them. Her hair of pale brown, showered in graceful and coquettish ringlets over her clear brows—descending to her swan-like neck in front, but fastened up behind with a large golden arrow. She seemed altogether like a beautiful bright spirit, wafted by every impulse, governed by no stable or fixed principles, and incapable of imagining any world beyond that in which she was so happy. And such, indeed, was the case. Glance, for an instant, upon her plainer cousin, whose head is bent over that gorgeous picture of Sappho, in her broken-heartedness, an imagining of one of the old masters—the two faces can bear no comparison. The wealth of mind, the treasures of a vivid and glowing imagination, the mild radiance of a gentle and womanly soul, poured through those large, dark eyes, upon the outstretched engraving. There was something beautiful, too, about the mouth; not that the lips were full, or red, or pouting—but that a sweet smile lingered around them, the beacon light that pointed to a good and loving heart. These features only, lent something of liveliness to an otherwise plain face; yet he, who sat beside her, her affianced husband, had fathomed every depth and sounding of her character, and loved her for the clear, full page that glowed upon her face.

"That is a beautiful picture," said Elizabeth, relinquishing the Sappho; "but these," she pursued, taking up two others, to which no name was attached; "these are exquisite! touching!" They were both pictures of our Saviour—one in the garden of Gethsemane, the other at the tomb of Lazarus.

"Suppose we each select our favorite from the whole," cried Abby Scott; "and so—as a beginning—here is mine! enchanting! is it not!"

It was from a fine portrait of Sully's, tinted and moulded in his own peculiar softness. A face of exquisite beauty, and yet that beauty derived its charms more from the artist's skill, than from any great symmetry of features, or loveliness of expression. The dress, too, was elegant and fanciful, and the rich drapery of the back-ground gave an effect to the whole.

Selwin smiled unconsciously.

"Sully bears the palm then, with Miss Scott;" he said, "will she think me a very Goth, if I place in competition with her choice, this plain, but grand picture of Cato—Cato as when, greater in his own high heart, than the triumphant Cæsar, he lay back on his cushions, the glittering dagger in one hand, and Plato's volume in the other—meditating, like a true hero, as he was, calmly and composedly, that final act, whose accomplishment would launch his soul into the clouds and mysteries of an unknown future? It was a glorious triumph, worthy of his master mind!"

"In those old, idolatrous times," remarked Elizabeth Stuart, "men did not feel the *crime* of suicide. The world had not rung with the mighty name of Jesus—and those injunctions of peace and patient holiness which Christians treasure, had never thrilled upon the iron heart of the great Roman. Had Cato been born two centuries later, he might have died far differently. Had he heard from the lips of inspired men, the recital of such scenes as these"—pointing to the engravings she held—"even he, might have knelt with the lowliest, the follower of a greater conquerer than Cæsar."

"Oh! spare us your sermons, young enthusiast!" interrupted Selwin, sarcastically; "I did not think my noble Roman could be so rigidly handled. Cato would not have been Cato, had he become a Christian—and posterity would have lost that noblest deed upon the annals of history. Where a man who has been great and mighty, loses, through the perversity of fate—the power—or wealth—or rank—that made him so; when he sees the past fleeting away in the distance like a delusive dream—the present a dreary void—and the future darkening like midnight around his soul; what greater act can he accomplish, than to fold the mantle of stern resolution about him, and lie down—and die? Tell me not of the *sin* of suicide! I ask, who shall answer for that sin? where is the Supreme Being who sits on judgment? It is all miserable, weak superstition! One struggle, and all is over! the soul lives no more!"——

He rose as he was speaking, and leaning over the marble pier-table, finished as if communing with himself. At this instant Abby Scott was summoned from the room—and her cousin leaned back upon her chair, pale, breathless—her eyes riveted upon her lover. At length she rose and stood beside him.

"Lionel!" and he started involuntarily at her strangely impressive manner; "you have not spoken from your heart I know, or why would these dangerous principles have been kept so sedulously from my knowledge? It was jest, I am sure—though Heaven knows this is no subject for foolish surmises."

"It was no jest!" responded he, sternly meeting her sorrowful eyes; "no jest! but a fixed principle—and it is strange, a thousand past occurrences should never have revealed it to you. I am," and he smiled contemptuously, "what the world calls an Infidel."——

Whiter that face could not grow, and yet the lip was firm that spoke, and the hand steady that laid its cold touch upon his arm.

"Then hear me, Lionel Selwin! Never, so help me Heaven! will I link my fate with an unbeliever—or peril my own soul, by listening to a repetition of such a fearful avowal! The tie that bound us, is severed now; and unless you recant your impious belief—forever!"

"And so, Elizabeth—is this the love of woman? Because I dared to differ from you, you taunt me by disannulling our engagement! Well, better thus than if we had been indissolubly united. Your own words have spoken it—be it so."

Elizabeth Stuart turned away with that deathly heart sickness that deadens every faculty, and sought her chamber. She lay down upon her bed like one in a fearful dream.

The long hours of that winter afternoon passed unnoted. The dim twilight was succeeded by the dark night, and yet she lay there, unconscious that the dull embers of her fire had died entirely away, and that her delicate form was chilled through with the intense cold. Her mind was lost in a wild chaos of its own sorrowful emotions. The moment had not come when she could grieve for her own bitter disappointment. She wept for *him*—for him, the noble, the worshipped one—for him, to whom she had seen the envious gaze of hundreds turned: highest in influence, in fortune, and in mental endowments. She felt that the partiality of affection might add many an attraction, but she *knew* that the world held him superior—that he was deemed brilliant in talents, a star amid the galaxy, strong in the active purposes of life, susceptible of pure and generous impulses, a firm and honorable man. The very evening previous, she had listened with delighted attention, to the remarks of a gentleman of acknowledged worth and standing—who, ignorant of their engagement, had pointed out Mr. Selwin at a large and brilliant party, as the most promising, the most talented young lawyer at the bar. It was a pround thought then, that one, whom the great so delighted to honor, should be her affianced lover.

And now he, whom God had created to fill so high a destiny, whose soul was attuned to every delicate and refined feeling, whose master mind coped with the greatest difficulties in life or in science,—he was an Infidel:—lost, lost to grace and Heaven!—how agonizing, how terrible was that thought! And for the paltry joys of earth, the flattery and the adulation of mankind, the dim view of that vast ocean of knowledge, whose breakers are alone encountered in this world, but whose immensity stretches far into another —— he had exchanged the bliss of Heaven!

Elizabeth Stuart might have treasured the belief that his late avowal had been a hasty and immatured impulse, had she not known the firm and rigid purpose that characterized Selwin, and his manner gave her no glance of hope. She wept in keen anguish and despair. She had been educated in the most rigid tenets of the church, religion, and a veneration for all divine things were a part of her very spirit. She had been taught that doubt was sin the deepest, and infidelity a crime unpardonable.

The voice of Abby Scott, approaching, followed by a tap at her door, aroused her from the partial insensibility into which she had, at last, fallen.

"It is eight o'clock, cousin Lizzy, and mamma waits tea for us. You know our engagement with Mrs. Wilmore to-night!"

"I believe you must go without me, Abby. I have a wretched head-ache, and feel very much indisposed. I shall be better to-morrow, after a night's rest. Do not, I pray you, alarm my aunt!"

Yet, notwithstanding her wishes, Elizabeth was forced to undergo all the kind attentions of her careful aunt, who hastened to her chamber, and finding it cold, and her niece, by this time in a fever, exhausted every effort in her power to make her more comfortable, and only at Elizabeth's repeated urging, left her alone, just as the carriage returned, bearing her beautiful daughter from a scene of gay festivity.

She little knew how vain it is to cool the heart's fever, or compose the spirit, torn by the keenest anguish. That night, and the one following, were marked in deepest characters for the suffering girl—the most memorable ones in her whole life-time.

The afternoon of the next day, as she sat, pale and spiritless, beside her solitary fire, musing, with a fatal attraction, over the events that had rendered her so miserable, a servant entered, bearing a letter. It was from Mr. Selwin. Elizabeth held it, with suspended breath, between her fingers, and longed to, yet dared not open it for some minutes. She turned it over and over—she pressed to her lips, to her brow, his well-known characters. At last, by a violent effort, she broke the seal.

"Elizabeth, dearest, kindest Elizabeth—may I dare again to address you, from whom I parted yesterday so angrily, in the language of affection, of entreaty? In my own reckless impatience, after avowing principles which were distasteful to you, I hastened the sentence, which if rigidly carried out, cannot but end in my ruin ——. You have become, by long companionship, and the strength of my great love, the *very essence of my being*,—the aim and end of every wish and thought—knitted by bonds that nothing can sever, to every fibre of my heart. I scarcely knew how much I loved you, until I feared I had lost you. I left you with my brain whirling with contending emotions; but I was too selfishly proud, then, to make any concessions. I went home—and passed a night of the most poignant regret and anguish, the memory of which time can never obliterate. I would fain come to you, my best Elizabeth, and plead with all the energy of despair, for a recall of your sentence; but I dare not!

"Elizabeth, Elizabeth! by your hopes of Heaven—by your belief in immortality—by your trust in that Being whom you worship—do no crush every hope of my soul! Remember—if a final separation does ensue, remember, I am a ruined man! This is no idle threat, made to intimidate you. As sure as the sun shines, as sure as you and I both live, I feel that my salvation rests in you alone.

"Listen, while I tell you, if I can, something of my feelings. Years ago, I was a happy and a thoughtless being—possessor of an aimless happiness, certainly, but still it brought its charms. I enjoyed life in every gay scene of pleasure; I relied implicitly on the precepts impressed by a dying mother; I revered God and trusted man. But I grew older and stronger in knowledge. One by one the vast pages of learning were unfolded to my understanding. I found in the book of Nature, and in that Book which treats of a Supreme Being, many mysteries which I could not fathom. My motto became: 'Believe not that which you cannot understand.' I could not understand God. I doubted and reasoned, until I disbelieved. Had I at that time possessed a friend, whose influence over me had been as great as yours has become, this might not have occurred. I was alone amid thousands—with no one to guide or council me. It was after this that I knew and loved you. Our conversation rarely turned upon this subject—I scarcely ever thought upon it. My mind was filled with two thoughts, with you, and with the desire to make myself honored and respected, for your sake, of high and unblemished reputation in the world. And yet I loved you not the less for the deep-toned piety which was the main-spring of all your actions. You were better than myself, or my affection had been divested of its greatest charms.

"Elizabeth, you must become my wife!—you alone can guide my spirit through its wild chaos of conflicting emotions. Since yesterday I have been a changed man. I am like one groping in utter darkness. Become mine own honored and adored wife, and I may yet buffet those clouds that descend like midnight about my soul—may, perhaps, be led to reverence your God, and to become like you, humble, pious and trusting. But cast me off—and earth will not hold a being so wretched and so desperate—so utterly devoid of every care or hope for grace!"

The letter dropped from the poor girl's hands, and she leaned forward, her head drooping upon her bosom, in the utter abandonment of misery. Was this the language of Lionel Selwin? did he, whom she had known so firm and steadfast of purpose, who had soothed and supported her in her own trials, now turn to her, a weak and feeble girl, for comfort and for succor?

"And why should I," whispered her tempted heart, "why should I withhold them? There is nothing so dear to me in the wide world as his happiness—shall I, by an act of mine, utterly annihilate it?"

Swiftly her mind recalled every circumstance of her past life. She remembered herself a neglected little girl, comparatively so, at least, to her more attractive brother and sister. She remembered how beautiful and lovely was that sister, while she was plain and cold: how strong and manly was that brother, while she was timid and delicate. She had loved them, too, with all the warmth of an affectionate nature; but her sensitive feelings had often been deeply wounded by their indifference to her, and by the all-absorbing interest her parents manifested for them. From her youth up, though gradually she became more loved and appreciated; though her kind parents lavished every indulgence upon her, she had lived, as it were, a solitary being, until *he* came, whom she knew loved her so truly and disinterestedly. Her answering affection for him was aided by the most lively gratitude. That he, whom she thought none could have resisted, should have chosen her, seemed almost incredible. The pent-up fountains of her heart gushed forth to meet his proffered love. All the purest happiness of her life dated itself from that moment. She had never felt so much affection for her parents, she had never appreciated their kindness until then. Still, she had felt keenly their late desertion. She had begged to accompany them, and had been denied; they had forgotten her situation in their solicitude for their darling children, and had left her to introduce herself to strange relatives, and to cope with the present great difficulties alone. Elizabeth felt their absence most acutely, and in her distress, blamed her parents for unkindness they had never felt or manifested.

And should she, forsaken and neglected, cast off the only being who had ever truly loved her? Should she forget the glorious dream of her maidenhood, and render him she worshipped miserable? No earthly duty could interfere—she would make Selwin happy—she could not, would not be so heartless as to refuse his advances towards a reconciliation. She could not crush the energies of his young, proud spirit, and doom him to despair.

Her eyes beamed with pleasure, her cheeks glowed as she took a pen and proceeded to return a favorable answer to his strange letter. But as her hand touched the paper, a sudden pallor overspread her face, her head drooped again, and she remembered her duty to God, and her allegiance to Heaven. Would not His displeasure rest darkly upon her, who rushed so consciously to meet her fate? what but destruction could await her sinful act? Shielded by His arm she might encounter all the ills of life firmly, but to dare his anger—to link her fate with one who scoffed at His most righteous name—what *could* support her in seasons of trial and difficulty?

Elizabeth did not believe that the power and the tenderness of her love could effect a change in Selwin's principles. None felt more deeply the truths of Religion than herself, but she possessed no faculty of impressing that belief upon others with convincing language. At any rate, ought she to dare such an uncertainty? Slowly, and with a trembling heart, she sank upon her knees, and lifted up her voice in prayer. She prayed that her heavenly Father might make manifest His clear will to her darkened spirit; that He would guide her in the right course. She prayed for strength, for succor in her sore distress. As she proceeded the mists that hovered about her soul seemed to disperse, those mists which her affection had presented before her judgment. Long and earnestly did her supplications ascend, and He who *never deserts* the faithful, vouchsafed to be her helper and her Saviour.

She arose with renewed fortitude and strength of purpose, to walk steadfastly in the path that God had made visible to her, as her clear line of duty. She wiped away the cold drops of perspiration that had gathered upon her forehead: she folded her hands upon her bosom, and sat down, calm, collected, though still suffering intensely, to fulfil her intention of writing to Selwin. Another support, which in her agitation she had forgotten, now recurred to her. In her perverted view but a few minutes since, she had harshly censured her parents; but now that letter of her mother's which she had received previous to her departure from Fawngrove, recalled itself to her memory. She took the precious letter from her writing desk, and her tears flowed freely over the well-known and loved handwriting. She had thought her mother inconsiderate and unkind on her first reception of this letter, but now her forebodings had been too truly realized, her love for her daughter had rendered her perceptions clear.

"You are entering upon a solemn and sacred office, my child," so ran the letter, "and I hope sincerely your brilliant prospects of happiness may never be shadowed. There are new and responsible duties that will devolve upon you, the duties of a wife to her husband. But do not let your affection for Mr. Selwin make you regardless of any deficiency you may find in him. Be certain that he is worthy of your love, that his principles are steadfast, his religious views correct, or never bind yourself to him for life. And, Elizabeth, there have been many circumstances occurring lately, too minute to detail, which have induced me to believe he is not the perfect being you imagine him, circumstances that have shaken my belief in his religious principles. Ponder well, then, I pray you, before you take the irrevocable vow, and if you find I am correct, for the love you bear me, do not hesitate one moment from freeing yourself from this engagement."

Elizabeth's letter to Selwin was concise, yet comprehensive. She felt that her newly acquired fortitude would not sustain her in writing a long letter: and firmly yet gently, and with much feeling, she confirmed her previous decision.

"And oh, Lionel! still dearest, still best friend!" she continued, "let not your disappointment weigh too heavily upon your mind. If, in after years, I shall learn that you have sought your God, the most earnest desire of my heart will have been gratified. Blame me not harshly for my decision! You little know the anguish it has caused me; but I am firm in my duty as a Christian. I feel that my Creator would discard me forever were I to marry an avowed infidel, with the clear knowledge of my duty that has been pointed out to me."

The night was far advanced when Elizabeth concluded, and she placed her letter whence it would be despatched early in the morning. Once more she knelt to gather fresh strength, but her excess of emotion had worn out her delicate frame; and her mind's anguish brought on physical suffering, and for a week after she was unable to leave her chamber. Poor, poor Elizabeth! years of deep and sad experience seemed to have passed in that one week. She lay upon her bed, so wan and exhausted, that her aunt almost feared the result might be fatal, and thought seriously of writing for her parents.

It was on a quiet Sabbath morning when she found herself able for the first time to leave her chamber. Her arm within that of her aunt's, she walked slowly down the wide stairway, and was left alone at the parlor door. It was the first time, since her parting with Selwin, that she had entered those splendid rooms, and a cold shudder passed through her frame as she recalled that painful scene. A vase of rare hot house plants adorned the marble mantel, and she bent her steps toward it to inhale the fragrance of the exquisite roses. Alas! poor girl! her trials were not yet over. A half-smothered sigh near her made her turn her head quickly. Lionel Selwin stood beside her—the blue veins in his forehead fearfully swollen, and his face wan and haggard. His large, brilliant eyes met hers—one step he took towards her, then clasped her convulsively to his bosom, as if no power on earth should separate them.

"I have begged Mrs. Scott for this interview, for I cannot live in such misery, Elizabeth. I have grown an old man in the last few days."

It was indeed true. The dark hair about his temples had lost its even hue—it was sprinkled over with gray.

"You are too cruel, Lionel," gasped the unhappy girl, "I have been very ill—I have borne much—I cannot bear anything."

"And do you think that my sufferings have not been greater? you are so calm—so passionless—you can willingly sign the death-warrant of another's happiness—you can doom him to perpetual anguish—you are so pure, so good, that nothing short of perfection can satisfy you—you are so stern and so relentless"—

"Leave me! leave me, Lionel! I cannot, dare not hear you!"

"On one so cold and heartless may every desolating evil——" he would, in his fierce wrath, have called down bitter imprecations upon her head, but she lay like marble upon his arm—she had fainted. Deeply regretting his own violence, he rung the bell loudly for assistance, and bore her to a sofa; then kneeling beside her, he kissed her lips, and cheek, and brow, and covering his face with his hands, rushed from the room.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

Original Poem.

THE LESBIAN CAPTIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

A captive! and a being of that isle,
Along whose shores the song of Sappho swells
As sweetly as undying—and whose cells,
Are still the treasure-caves of tones that woke,
When light and song first o'er her spirit broke;
Ere yet around her gleamed each radiant smile—
Ere her heart glowed its own wild funeral pile.
Yes! from that isle a gentle one, who seems
Like a stray spirit from some painter's dreams,
Whose form still haunts him through his waking hours,
And summons all the pencil's softest powers;
Until at length the shape immortal caught
Divinely glows, with inspiration fraught
By Painting's spirit, shining brightly on
Through centuries as once in dreams it shone.

A captive! she whose dark and glancing eye,
Beams with the radiance of her own pure sky;
Whose cheek now pale, now tinged with crimson hue—
As o'er her spirit waves, with varying ray
Thoughts broken sunbeams, ever changing flow;
As memory's dreams or bright or dark hold sway—
Now lightens up her pure brown loveliness,
Along which strayed each waving raven tress;
And now its snowy calmness but betrays,
The shade along her spirit's fount that strays.

Fearless she stands within the victor's hall,
And calm, though mail clad chieftains crowd around—
Like a sweet Peri in unconscious thrall,
While breathings from her own pure sphere are wound
Above her folded wings; and Heaven yet seems
All radiant o'er her spirit's silent dreams—
And softly through those pillared halls of light,
The silver lamps streamed o'er the festal wreaths,
That hung around; and sent their purest breaths
To steal o'er beauty such as her's that night
And yet the rich rays fell unheeded round;
And the pure essences in vain were shed;
For other spells more powerfully were bound—
To other scenes her spirit-wings had sped—
And not a breath was wandering round her there,
Could break the chain that linked her to despair.

The flowers that droop around her and above,
Breathe not so sweet as those that she had tended,
In the green valley or retiring grove,
Whose sighs in gratitude to her were blended
With every breath, that wandered softly there;
And shook in folds her dark and shining hair.
And yet she loved them, for they wakened up
Bright memories of the past:—each dewy cup
Possessed some talisman that quick set free,
The waves of thought to sweep resistlessly

She heeded not the groups that round her stood—
She moved amidst them as in solitude,
She heeded not the brightness of the throng;
Nor heard the sweetness of the minstrel's song:
Her all of thought—her very soul was given
To one sweet spot beneath the Lesbian Heaven,
Where stood the vine-clad cottage of her sire;
And where her sisters woke the plaintive lyre—
Plaintive, alone that one, their loveliest one
Of their still bright, once happy group, was gone.
She thought how they would sing her favorite hymn
Beneath the vines, when evening's light grew dim;
And weep beside the lone deserted hearth,
Whence once arose the light, glad tones of mirth.

She sees her father's pale, dejected brow,
In mourning her sink gradually low;
Oh! worlds would she have given, even then to raise
Despair's wild shadow from his sorrowing days.
Her mother, too, that tenderly had smiled
On her young infant years, her fairest child,
She sees in tears, disconsolate as she stood
On the white rocks above the Ægean flood,
With hands uplifted o'er the deep blue water;
And heard her scream "return, return my daughter!"
The festal wreaths thy hands have twined hang drooping;
Our fountains light is shaded since thou'rt gone;
The laurels o'er its troubled waves are stooping;
And all seem weeping for the absent one.
Thy lute hangs voiceless since thou hast waked it last,
Save when its chords are shaken by the blast;
And then its tones in lonely sadness mourn,
And sighing bids thee to thy home return.
Oh! to thy father's arms—our lonely home—
Thy mother's sorrowing heart, Ianthe, come!"

Such were the tones she at that hour had caught;
Such was her sole devotedness of thought,
She saw not, heard not, light or song that strayed
In gleams that dazzled, soft streams that delayed,
Until their sinking cadences had past
In sighs away, all sweetness to the last.

Oh! what to her the radiance of each gem,
That lighted up her queen-like diadem;
And what the gorgeous chains of glittering pearls
That shone like midnight stars, among the curls
Of her dark waving hair? Did they less weigh
Upon the spirit that beneath them lay?
No: she would gladly tear the robes that then
Veiled her light form—fling off the sparkling chains—
Cast down the splendid gems, but once again
To bound in freedom o'er her native plains,
To clasp her father in one wild caress,
And change a mother's tears to joy's excess.

Life in Mexico.

COLONEL YANEZ.

A Mexican Story of the Present Day.

FROM CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Mexico is, at the present day, the only country infested with organized banditti. Those events which, a few years since, gave so unenviable a renown to the gorges of the Sierra Morena, the passes of the Apennines, and the wilds of Sicily and Calabria, are now transferred to the outskirts of the great city of Mexico, and the forests which approach the confines of Vera Cruz. Here robbery and even assassination are largely practised, while no part of the country is free from the evil. Bandits have been invested by poets and romancers with a picturesque character, and have even upon occasion become on paper most heroic personages; in reality, however, nothing can be conceived more revolting and hideous than the men who carry on this dangerous traffic. If it be reflected that the idle and dissolute, the needy spendthrift, the ruined gambler, and the disappointed speculator, are those who swell the ranks of this powerful class in Mexico, it will readily be seen how little romance, and how much naked deformity, really exist in this state of things. One point, however, gives a wild and terrible interest to the bandits of Mexico, while a minor circumstance preserves some little outward appearance of romance. The Mexican *ladrone*, with his vast *sombrero*, his floating *scrape*, and *machete* or knife, with other appurtenances, is certainly a very picturesque personage as far as costume is concerned; but the prodigious and extensive military organization of the bands carries us back to the days of Robin Hood and Cartouche. No rank is sufficiently elevated, no public functionary sufficiently interested in the sanctity of the law, to prevent his connexion with the associated bands, which extend their ramifications into every class of society. In this manner important information is collected; and those who are worth being robbed, are always known to the brigands; while many a penniless and acreless general, or other government officer, is thus enabled to carry his head high, and to risk heavy sums nightly at the gambling-tables, which tend so much to degrade Mexican character, and retard the progress of civilization.

In the month of April, 1838, M. Leroux, a rich French merchant, settled in Mexico, was about to visit Europe, with his wife and two children, on business of importance; and, previous to his departure, he paid a visit to General Santa Anna, President of the Republic. On applying at the palace, he was, as all foreigners are, instantly admitted to the presence of this bold soldier of fortune, who—dressed in the full uniform of the chief of the army, blue and red, richly embroidered with gold, and with his wooden leg resting on a stool—was listening to a despatch which was being read to him by one of his aides-de-camp, Colonel Yanez. M. Leroux, who had never before seen Santa Anna, gazed upon him with no little curiosity. The general is six feet high, well-made, graceful, with an old common wooden leg, serving as a substitute for that lost when fighting the French at Vera Cruz; his narrow and smooth brow is shaded with black hair, sprinkled with gray; his nose is straight, and well-shaped; his brows knit over close and brilliant eyes; his complexion dark and sallow; his mouth ever showing a restless and anxious expression. Colonel Yanez, who ceased reading, and busied himself in his despatches on the entrance of M. Leroux, was only remarkable from the fact of his extreme personal beauty.

The French merchant, after the usual Mexican compliments and ceremonious expressions, informed Santa Anna that he was about to leave the country, and as his property in gold and diamonds was considerable, he begged that the president would, considering the extreme danger of the journey from Mexico to Vera Cruz, grant him the protection of a military escort. The president replied with one of those sweet smiles which form one of his set imitations of Napoleon, that nothing would give him greater satisfaction than to comply with the request of M. Leroux; "but," said he, "you must be well aware that, once out of my jurisdiction, the dragoons, knowing the fact of your possessing valuable property, will be sure to turn upon you, and themselves become the robbers; moreover, an escort will prove your being anxious for protection, and put the banditti on the scent. Take my advice, M. Leroux, and have false bottoms made to your trunks; in these conceal all that is valuable, and when the *ladrones* seize upon you, give up your keys immediately, let them search your baggage, when they will only find what you think proper to let them see."

Santa Anna was right; he could not answer for *his soldiers*; and M. Leroux, satisfied that, however doubtful and dangerous the experiment, it was still better than trusting to the military, bowed his thanks to the president, saluted the handsome and silent Col. Yanez, and made his way at once to the street *de Los Cadenas*, and there ordered one large portmanteau to be made, with false bottom and cover: in this, when completed, M. Leroux concealed his specie and jewelry, and left Mexico city in the night, his wife and children in a litter, himself on horseback, and several *arrieros* leading the baggage-mules. No journey submits to the eye more gorgeous and magnificent scenery than that between Mexico and Vera Cruz; but M. Leroux had no taste for the picturesque; when in sight of the great peak of Orizaba, the traveller's principal anxiety was relative to a ravine near the plain of Acajete, in which was scattered numerous little wooden crosses in commemoration of sinister and bloody deeds.

It was night when the little caravan entered the gorge, and the arrieros, half asleep on their mules, were chanting the monotonous *Caballo*, beginning—

"Mi muger ó mi caballo,
Se murieron en un tempo"—*

when, much to their surprise, several sonorous voices from the sides of the ravine joined in—

"Que muger y que demonio,
El caballo es lo que siento."†

The party had no leisure to speculate upon the extraordinary nature of this surprise, before they were surrounded by about twenty robbers, who appeared suddenly from the numerous paths of the ravine. Despite the alarm manifested by his wife, M. Leroux was in no way disconcerted, and saw the robbers upset all his baggage, and obtain possession even of the important portmanteau, with indifference; he even handed his keys to the robbers; but these were rejected with a significant smile, and one of the banditti, drawing forth his long *navaja*, rippen open the leather, and exposed the false bottom of the trunk. M. Leroux, enraged, drew his pistol from the holsters; but a moment's reflection satisfying him of the inutility of resistance, he allowed the Mexicans to take possession of his diamonds, specie, and valuable Californian pearls.

Hastily returning to Mexico, M. Leroux laid his complaint before the proper authorities. The trunk-maker and Santa Anna were alone in the secret, which must have been by some means communicated to the robbers. The trunk-maker was arrested as an accomplice of the banditti; but easily proving his innocence, the French merchant was compelled to put up with his loss, as the true robbers were by no means to be found.

Another event of a terrible and tragic nature soon gave a clue which ultimately led to a discovery of the mystery. In the suburb of St. Cosme, in which many of the pleasantest residences in Mexico are situated, surrounded by tasteful gardens, and fountains supplied by the adjacent aqueduct, which ends on the Alameda, resided M. Mairet, the Swiss Consul, a gentleman of fortune, occupying a little tasteful bachelor establishment. There being no banks in Mexico, M. Mairet usually kept his money in his house. Between twelve and one o'clock, a few days after the robbery of Leroux, a *matinée dansante* was given in a mansion exactly opposite, at which were present our minister, Mr. Pakenham, Baron Deffaudis, the envoy of France, and the élite of the fashionable world, who several times noticed the strength of the Consul's mansion, protected by heavy iron bars at all the windows, and guarded by two large and fierce dogs.

Ten minutes exactly before one o'clock, a coach drove to the front gate, and a man dressed in the habit of a priest, with broad shovel-hat, descended from it, accompanied by two others, and stated to the servant who admitted them that they were anxious to procure from M. Mairet a skin of parchment. As the Indian girl, his only servant, turned to convey this message to her master, she was seized behind, gagged, and made fast to a pillar. Thus much only is known positively. In about a quarter of an hour the coach again took its departure. The Indian girl, imperfectly gagged, now began to shriek, and attracting attention, a rush was made to the house, where M. Mairet was found dead, and his cash-box empty. A desperate struggle had taken place between him and his murderers, his body being covered with wounds, and in his clenched right hand was a metal button, to which hung a morsel of blue cloth.

The diplomatic corps, insisted that energy should be thrown into the search instituted for the guilty parties, suspicion fell upon a dragoon of the fourth regiment, who, from a common soldier living on his pay, suddenly became flush of money, dissipated, and riotous, without being able to explain the source of his wealth. The police visited his residence without warning, and there found a Civilian's coat, of blue cloth, with one button wanting. This button was the one found in the victim's hand. According to the fatality which almost always waits upon the guilty, the murderer had failed to destroy the only evidence of his guilt. Having been tried and sentenced without delay, the dragoon, Antonio, was forced to perform a journey on foot to the murdered man's door, and was then led to the scaffold, there to die by the *garotte*, a death somewhat similar to that inflicted by the guillotine. Antonio, who had still now refused to give up his accomplices, and whose conversation showed that he expected some high influence to be exerted in his favor even at the last moment, scrutinized the crowd which surrounded him, on his way to suffer death, with an anxious air; but having ascended the very scaffold without a sign from among the mass, the murderer turned fiercely to the alguazil, and said, "I denounce as my Captain, and the head of the banditti to whom I belong, Colonel Yanez, aide-de-camp of General Santa Anna."

* My wife and my horse both died about the same time.
† It is not the woman, but the horse that I regret.

This startling announcement was not believed. Colonel Venner—one of the most prominent officers in Mexico, as gentlemanly a gambler, being with as good a grace, and possessing double as many friends as enemies; the intimate friend of Santa Anna, and the accepted lover of Tomo Dolores, the highest nobility and no taminie, was beyond belief. The execution was, however, carried, and General Count Don José de la Cortina, colonel and governor of the city of Mexico, instituted and empowered Captain Olvaga, the military fiscal, to the private residence of Venner; but before he went to the apartments usually occupied by Venner, with a mysterious penis and secrecy of Lovelace, with a mysterious correspondence, implicating himself and many others, especially Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Cruz. Colonel Yaner was immediately arrested, and thrown into the common prison.

That night, a lady, closely veiled, but richly dressed in a black silk mantilla, and third riches, waited on Olavaga, and used every argument which a woman of the world could use, to induce him to the fate of the colonel. Tears, threats, pleading in the last of all, the mysterious lady offered thirty thousand piastres for the liberty of Yanez; equally in vain; the beauty and love of Seliora Dona Ximena alone prevented the fiscal from denouncing her offer, as grave was his indignation. That day went by, the fiscal died of pecant.

The next offer was made with the clerk of the unfortunate fiscal, who, seduced by a gift from an unknown personage of forty thousand piastres, and the promise of fifty more when condemned Yanez from the place of security in which they had been deposited depending the trial. No sooner, however, had he committed the act, than his conscience pricked him, he confessed all to a priest, who refused him absolution, and counseled immediate confession, if he did not restore the documents to their place. This he did; but was not able to give back the eight thousand piastres, as the donors were strangers to him.

Meanwhile, a second judge at fiscal had been appointed, to whom the affair of Yanez was handed over. Colonel Don Juan Cotes was a brave and honest Spaniard, who, born at Havana, had fought with gallantry in the wars of the Peninsula. Being taken a prisoner by the French, and being well treated by that nation during his captivity, he had preserved a very grateful recollection of France. He was therefore anxious, by pressing this matter with severity, to prove to the diplomatic corps, and, in particular, the Baron Deshodes, who was also charged with the protection of Swiss subjects, that justice and equity was to be found in Mexico. At the same time he was not blind to the dangers he was encountering. Though a Santa Anna, with his fanatical policy, expressed an opinion on the subject, the colonel was not ignorant that Yanez had been his side-decamp and his friend. He remembered also that General Valencia, commander of the department, informed, a few minutes after the assassination, that two of the principal actors had taken refuge in a cabaret of the faubourgs, had exclaimed, "We have done it, Valencia!" Moreover, the mysterious fate of his predecessor was sufficient reason for holding back; and yet he could persevere.

As for Yanez, his previous good fortune followed him to prison, where he received visits to no sons of the interest which was taken in him. On the day following he arrived, a jailer had handed him a little billet, on which, in a female hand-writing, were inscribed these words, "Courage, love, hope." He, moreover, learned from the same source, that the documents which established his guilt had been destroyed. Satisfied that the avidence of Ana tonio would not suffice to convict him, he appeared before his judges, and treated both them and the witnesses with the utmost insolence, until, to his horror, and that of Dona Dolores, who was in court, the papers were produced. Colonel Yaner and seven accomplices were immediately sentenced to death.

That night, Colonel Yaner and Dona Dolores had an interview, the result of which apparently was, that a bottle of Xeres wine was left behind to cheer the prisoner. Next day the culprit was found dead, poisoned, it is not difficult to see by what means. The wretched woman who had saved him thus from the hands of the executioner, by the means of a rich donation, obtained permission from the archbishop to bury him beneath the corridor in the garden of the monastery of San Fernando

United States
SATURDAY POST.

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SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 15, 1840

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and one of the late works.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and three copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ Mr. James Fenton will please inform us where a letter would reach him.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The notion that will, this week—or rather have been, this week, despatched per penny post and otherwise, are past count—many in joke, and some that would be moral, the feeling next, taking shether behind a meaningless custon, and ready to be received in either way. There is no kind in the written style of which and connects, the printed and lithographed affairs which the stationers have vended, some witty, some inelegance, and those four are out of rhyme and reason, and as delefully dull as the motto of a sugar barn. But why do all the people single a fake of wind, after all, in the most serious matter? Is it bravado—a pulling of Cupid by the nose with a taunt—a toasting of the fingers into Hymen's torch, as if they were asbestos—a defiance alike of the blind boy and his quiver, and of the nujtial, full-grown, with his tall-headed? Is it love, by trifles? There is no guessing how many of you may let out the true secrets of your hearts —aye, betray things that you never conceived, yet to yourselves. If many a true word is spoken in jest, more are written. Over caution betrays what it would conceal. The secret pocket always makes for the pouch which he sees is most carefully guarded. But the mischief is done for this year—and our office of the Post Office Penny Postman was, to Friday—*after the fair*.

It is a curious study to note how some contents endure. The same habit of sending love-letters (we think that is what they are called) on St Valentine's Day, is a redolement on the Bard and Saints festival of Pan, but still a continuation of it. We should be a little accustomed to find the gallants with only a goat skin muscle and that of the heathen century of Chrisct and down Arch, and giving every woman they might chance to meet, a blow with a leathern thong. Yet such was the custom in honor of Pan, which we unconsciously perpetuate, with nine a little more delicate, but not at all less refined, in many cases. Pan, himself, would blush down to his heels, and blow a regular Trollopeing blue through his pipes, if some of the things called Valentines, were laid before his eyes, were placed under his inspection.

But it is hardly worth while to be too rigidly conscientious—we may pass from the new label Valentines to graver subject. The storm of last week, it will be observed, has left some melancholy traces of its power in the mania time animals but so far as we have compared opinions, we find that the disasters occasioned were less than those of the week before, as might have led him to expect. The severity of the weather increased casualties by fire, and the delay of the mails (not such, has thrown an accumulation of such matter upon our hands to day. It is so, indeed, with news of all descriptions, which will have accumulated fallen to last week's budget, but for the hindrance of correspondence by the blocked roads, means into this week's page.

About two weeks only remain of the session of the present Congress. The appropriation and other routine business is pretty well disposed of; but there are three important measures which hang still between the two branches of the National Legislature. It is not neat to certain that all three will not be perfected the session; and it is not improbable that all three may fail to receive final action.

We allude to the Texas and Oregon resolutions and bill, which have passed the House, and to the Post Office Bill, which has gone through the Senate. The Texas project, as the House enacted it, is deferred to by many friends of the measure in the Senate, on account of constitutional scruples as to the mode by which the resolutions of the House purport to effect the measure. In the multitude of plans which have been submitted, an unusual degree of concurrence has been required to be attained in the proposed steps toward a union with Texas. The Oregon measure has been little spoken of as yet in the Senate. The Post Office Bill, it is said, will pass the House with some modifications, which, of course, will require the action of the Senate.

In our local matters we are jogging along, as we were remarking last week, pretty well. We have had no fires, no riots, no prominent themes of excitement—no bustle except that of horses and sleighs, and the ring of bells jingled along quite merrily. All the world has had some chance at a sleigh ride—either a time of their own or a company excursion—a gentlemen in a vehicle more formal. For our own part we confess to a fondness for homopathic prescriptions, as to cure, if by similars—a little snow, chilled feet, and face smarting, even though a horse do run before with bells on his harness. Commend us to Dr. Franklin for the domestic sleigh rides; a rickety chair, a bucket of water, and your feet in it, open doors, and the shovel and sugar to boot.

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The bill has yet, however, to pass the House in which body it was sent on Saturday. It is stated that there is a disposition in the House, to amend by making the postage at all affected more than one hundred miles, five cents. We trust, that this amendment will not pass. Whatever amendments the bill may need, this is not one of them. Mr. Simmons argued well in favor of a bold movement at once. It is not the lesser rates of postage which stagger correspondence now, but the more formidable sum for long distances; and the long distances are precisely those over which the passage of letters will be quadrupled by the reduction of the postage.

In the course of his argument, Mr Simmons stated that the post office would be the result, he asked, if Telegraphs were established all over the land, so that a member could get urgent leader to make a speech in behalf in a distant region of the country? Why, I believe, said he, that there would be a stream of letters, in more than one particular, which they strongly support the great truth that the temperance is the main source and support of the liberties and prosperity of the nine-lenned would tell the same story.

LIGHT HOUSES.

The charge of Light Houses is very properly retained by all governments, in order that no temptation to carelessness shall be offered. An error, in a departure from custom may be fatal, and is always dangerous. The Race Point Light, near Provincetown, Cape Cod, relieves us usual during the severe storm of last week, and was therefore taken for another light (the Highland) in the vicinity. A vessel and four lives were lost in consequence. The whole arrangement and details of Light Houses should be a perfect system, so that the risk of human accidents next to impossible. Money withheld, or stinted, is almost equivalent to murder.

We observe, by the correspondence of the Journal of Commerce, that a report is about to be presented to Congress upon the subject of Light Houses, which has been patented in the "Costin Gas Light" to the Light Houses of the United States. The experiment has been in progress for a year past on the Christina Light House, near Wilmington, Delaware, and has been very successful. A Board of scientific gentlemen, consisting of Alex. Dallas Bache, Professor of Chemistry, in the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, and Capt. Pierce, of the Revenue Service, who have separately examined the apparatus and the results of the twenty tests, have made able and elaborate reports in its favor. The Hon. Mr. Naudain, member of Congress from Delaware, and Superintendent of Light Houses on the Delaware Bay and River, under whose charge the experiment has been made, has also made a very favorable report. We understand that Mr. Costin has been engaged for many years in the invention of this apparatus, which is designed to be applied to the furnishing of lights, and, by the simple combination of a couple of gases, to produce a light of the greatest brilliancy, which can be so regulated as to be visible at any distance required. The expense is not to exceed that of the present system, while the certainty is greatly increased. The whole number of Light Houses in the United States is 256. Of these, at the time of sentence, 1,171 were under charge of keepers, and 1,085 were discharged along quite merrily. All the world has had some chance at a sleigh ride—either a time of their own or a company excursion—a gentlemen in a vehicle more formal. For our own part we confess to a fondness for homopathic prescriptions, as to cure, if by similars—a little snow, chilled feet, and face smarting, even though a horse do run before with bells on his harness. Commend us to Dr. Franklin for the domestic sleigh rides; a rickety chair, a bucket of water, and your feet in it, open doors, and the shovel and sugar to boot.

PRISON STATISTICS.

The reports of the Inspectors of the Eastern and Western Penitentiaries, present some important facts in relation to the matter. It is worth while to ponder. First, as to the influence of marriage: The whole number of convicts received into the Eastern Penitentiary, since its completion in 1829, is 1,916. Of these, at the time of sentence, 1,171 were single men and women, and 745 were married, or had separated from their husbands or wives, leaving 627 only of the convicts who at the time of their crime and conviction were living in wedlock. To place this view of the case in a stronger light, it may be noticed that of the whole number, only 232 were under the age of 25 years of age. These facts agree strongly in support of the benefits of marriage as a moral restraint. The same remark is applicable to the Western Penitentiary since its completion, in 1,045. We have not at hand the classification of the whole of these, but 1,271 were committed during the last year, 191 were unmarried, 12 widows and widowers, and 16 only were married persons.

Of the 1,916 in the Eastern Penitentiary, *twelve hundred and ten*, drank to intoxication, 386 were moderate drinkers, 320 were temperate, 11 were moderate drinkers, and 9 sober. These facts need no comment.

Of the 1,916, 104 were females. Of the whole number of males, 311 were bound to masters and served out their apprenticeship; 204 left their masters before 21, and 1,271 were not indentured. This argues strongly in favor of the good old plan of fixing the relations between master and apprentice on a firm and mutual understanding.

Of the whole number of prisoners in the Eastern Penitentiary, 945 could read and write, 417 could read, and 554 could neither read or write. Education without moral training will not therefore make good citizens, and may only make them more cunning.

The ages of the 1,916, are thus stated: Under 20, 222; 20 to 30, 966; 30 to 40, 419; 40 to 50, 196; 50 to 60, 71; 60 to 70, 25; 70 to 80, 7.

The whites were 1,750 in number, and the blacks 166. The birth places of the prisoners, were: Pennsylvania, 909; *New Jersey*, 134; Delaware, 118; New York, 125; Maryland, 158; Connecticut, 32; Virginia, 20; Massachusetts, 21; District of Columbia, 13; and 50 in the other States, making in all, 1,630 natives of the United States, 1,521—of these convicts, 365. Of the convictions, all but about 250, were for crimes against property. Of the 1,916 there were four and a half years, of course all letters to go at these rates must be *pre-paid* —and under that regulation, we have no doubt that as immense saving will be made to the Government. The rate of five cents will have a tendency to bring our internal federal currency—the most convenient in the world, into circulation.

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Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. Mr. JAMES is authorized to receive subscriptions for the United States Saturday Post, C. H. Constant, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Doty, and Wm. Nimmo.

WILLIAM NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENSON and JOHN ROBERTSON are our Agents in Kentucky.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Mississippi.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Resident and Public Officers, Senators and Representatives, Hon. Joseph Wright, William H. Weld, G. H. P. Dana, Esqr. S. Dr. H. Hamilton, and Gentlemen of Washington.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Traveling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM L. PIERCE, resides in Paris.

JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New York.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Webster.

Notices of New Works.

RESEARCHES ON SCROFULOUS DISEASES. *By J. G. A. Lugol, D. M. P., Physician to the Hospital of St. Louis. Translated from the French by Geo. Hayward, Jr. A. M., M. D. Late Health Officer of the city of New York.* The medical reader does not need to be informed of the standing of Lugol as an author. The most of scrofulous diseases, as it too high praise to say of him that the knowledge of his works is of importance for investigation have probably been equal to those of any man living, "and the name of Lugol will be handed down in the same down to posterity as a pathologist." As a translator Dr. Deane is already known to the medical world by his researches which are anxiously by Meckel, Bayle, and Blander, and of numerous communications of medical and surgical to Dupuytren, Magnier, Soemmering, Rivard, Chaussier, and others. Dr. D. has also enjoyed the advantages of a hospital education, and of a long and successful general practice in the city of New York, in performing and verifying his learned draws from books; and he has enriched this volume with an appendix containing histories of the diseases of the disease of which the work treats. The writer of this notice speaks from personal observation of his professional skill, and from the use of his books, some of which are found in every medical library, testify to the accuracy and excellence of his performance as a translator and author. There is no work in addition to the medical literature of our country, and as such we recommend it.

THE OFFICERS' MANUAL OF MARINE OF NAPOLEON. *Translated from the French, by Colonel D'Aguilar. New York. J. & H. Stadhard. Philadelphia. Carey, Hasmit & Co.* This work appears in its first American edition, with a recommendation from Gen. Gratiot, chief of the most agreeable and, we may add, practical and useful addresses that we ever read—containing a few of the little work is a full complement to naval science, and a great advantage also to the general reader, who desires to understand the terms of the great Emperor's battles and campaigns in Thiers' History, now before the public.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, *Before the Mechanics' Institute New York. J. S. Redfield. Philadelphia. Carey, Hasmit & Co.* This work appears in its first American edition, with a recommendation from Gen. Gratiot, chief of the most agreeable and, we may add, practical and useful addresses that we ever read—containing a few of the little work is a full complement to naval science, and a great advantage also to the general reader, who desires to understand the terms of the great Emperor's battles and campaigns in Thiers' History, now before the public.

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HARPER'S ILLUSTRATED AND NEW PICTORIAL BIBLE. The Eighteenth number of this work brings it down to the 23d Chapter of the 1st Book of Chronicles. This is larger engravings in the number are three, of which the first is of Noah's Ark. The second final remarks and letters have some gems among them; and the whole execution of the work is excellent. The paper, also, is exceedingly neat. It has been received by Zieber & Co. by *Forrest*, and by *T. B. Peterson*.

THE LADY'S BOOK OF FLOWERS. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co., and T. B. Peterson.*—The February number of this Magazine contains a portrait of Augusta Drayton, the accomplished wife of the late Governor of South Carolina. The Magazine sustains the reputation which it has acquired, and is a favorite with the second reading, 21 to 15, after a long debate.

THE LADY'S BOOK. Thursday, Feb. 6. Many local Bills were passed, and among them one donating Circle Ward, Philadelphia, to the public.

SMITH'S WEEKLY VISITOR. No. 7 of this work contains—The Master Passion;" by Gratian, and contributions by "Ellen," "Olla" and others. This work is one of the most readable books of Travels which has recently appeared. It is published by Smith & Co. at the corner of the Mansion House, and in English lady. It can be procured of *T. B. Peterson*.

THE LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINING. *New York: Harpers.* The novel, by Dumas, translated from the French of Alexander Dumas, by Charles H. Town, is well worthy of the fame, from the objections which are justly alleged against many of the French translations which are current, can be had here at the office of *Zieber & Co.*, *T. B. Peterson*, and of *Florett & Co.*

CONQUEST OF PERU. The reading world is grateful to hear of Prescott, the author of the "History of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of The Conquest of Mexico, is engaged upon a History of the Conquest of Peru. He can hardly fail to be a fit companion for the others, and we have every faith before them, and will occupy a high place in literature.

CODE OF LAW, or, The Bernard. *By G. P. R. James. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.*—We have this publication in a cheap form—but neat and legible, of one of James's most interesting romances. We commend the works of this writer with a clearer conscience than we can many other books of the same nominal class.

LONDON AND PARIS. *Zieber & Co.*—We have before the American reprint of the London Lancet for February. It abounds with valuable matter, and is published in very handsome style. It is in the hands of the profession, and such a work as we should think no physician would be without.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER. *Philadelphia: Lambert & Hickman.* Number Two of the new series of this periodical, edited by Dr. Hodge, has been received, and we think it is now a thick monthly pamphlet, making some fifteen hundred pages per annum.

BLACKWOOD. The January number of Blackwood, Scott's reprint, has been received by *Zieber & Co.*, and *T. B. Peterson* is in a spicuous number, and contains a paper by "Old Ebony" himself.

SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE. Mr. Campbell has published No. 14 of this special edition of the Family Bible, which commences the second volume of the work.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, Feb. 5. Mr. Benton asked the indulgence of the Senate that that Bill heretofore submitted by him for the annexation of Texas be taken up, and then that it might be laid upon the table, in order to enable him to offer another Bill in its stead. Agreed to, and Mr. B offered a new project, the out lines of which are, in brief: Texas to be admitted as a State, with its Representatives and two Senators, and all other advantages which appertain to the old States to be secured, but the same shall be agreed upon by the Government of United States and Texas; that the sum of $100,000 be appropriated for the purpose of Commissioners to be appointed with the sole power to refer them to be submitted in the form of a treaty, or in articles to be submitted by the President to the Congress. The object of this measure was to remove the constitutional objections made to the Bill, and to bring about the measure proposed by the House. He asked that the Bill might not be referred, but laid upon the table. The motion to refer was then made, and carried by the following vote, 22 nays 22. The Post Office Bill was then taken, and Mr. Buchanan addressed the Senate in favor of abolishing the franking privilege. He was replied to by Mr. Allen, of Ohio.

In the House, after the reading of the Journal, the bill to graduate and reduce the price of Public Lands, &c. &c. rejecting all amendments, including one by Mr. Stewart, of Pa., repealing the Land Distribution Law, an amendment by Mr. Casey, of Maine, which is a substitute for the bill which had been adopted. It reduces the price of land to one dollar, and the bill to the seventy-five and fifty cents after having been fifty years in the market. It was reported to the House, and then laid on the table, 108 to 70. The House was next into Committee of the Whole, on the bill to support the Indian Department.

IN SENATE, Thursday, Feb. 6. The Post Office Bill was taken up. The franking privilege was entirely stricken out. An amendment was adopted allowing publishers of periodicals, &c., to send their publications out of the mail. An amendment was moved by Mr. Simmons, and after a long discussion adopted, fixing the rate of all letters sent by mail, any distance, at the uniform price of five cents. The vote was 33 to 16.

In the House, the Indian Department Appropriation Bill was carried through Committee, some of its amendments being approved, and others rejected. It was then finally passed. During this day's debate, an acrimonious personal contest arose between Mr. Black, of Ga., and Mr. Giddings, of Ohio. Mr. G. said the remarks of Mr. B. were low and slimy. Mr. B. replied that no gentleman could ever look at Mr. G. without becoming "low and dirty." A great many expressions of a similar character passed between them, and at last they nearly came to blows. Mr. B. was moving toward Mr. G. with his cane upraised, when the Speaker interfered and drew him without the railing.

In SENATE, Friday, Feb. 7. The day was principally spent on the Post Office Bill. Mr. McDuffie appeared and resumed his seat, having been long kept away by illness.

In the House, reports from standing committees, on private matters, occupied the day.

In SENATE, Saturday, Feb. 8. The Post Office Bill was taken up on its third reading. Mr. McDuffie made a strong speech in opposition—his first speech this session. He believed that there was no Senator who would not admit that this bill would not impose a burden upon the Treasury annually of one or two millions of dollars. His constituents made no complaint about high rates of postage. Indeed, they would gladly they enjoyed under the present system was about all they got from this Government. The bill was calculated to add to the burden of the planters, and to relieve those who were already favored and possessed the manufacturers. The bill was passed, ayes 28, nays 17. Mr. Buchanan moved to strike out the franking privileges was restored to the members of Congress, and to the President of the United States.

In the House, the day was occupied by private bills.

In SENATE, Monday, Feb. 10. The three appropriation bills, the Indian bill passed the House, Fortification, Pension and Post Office bills, were reported from the Finance Committee. The bill for distributing the work on the Exploring Expedition was taken up, slightly amended, and passed. The bill for ascertaining claims for French Spoliations prior to 1800 was taken up, and Mr. Clayton proposed an amendment which appropriates $5,000,000 to settle the claims.

In the House, Mr. Dana by general consent introduced a bill to reduce the postage and the price of public lands, which was read twice and referred. In Committee of the Whole the bill to admit Iowa as a State into the Union was debated; the principal subject of discussion being the boundary of the proposed State, Missouri and Iowa.

In SENATE, Tuesday, Feb. 11.—The Bill in reference to the appointment of Surgeons, &c., in the Navy, was taken up and passed, ayes 21 to 16.

In the House, a memorial from Amos Kendall, praying indemnification, was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The Postage Bill was taken up and referred to the Committee on the Post Office.

State Legislature.

IN SENATE, Tuesday, Feb. 4. The bill providing for the resumption, by the State, of the Beaver Division was taken up, and, on motion of Mr. Sellers, was laid upon the table, ayes 15 —nays 12. Mr. Gibbons read in place a bill to incorporate a new Medical College in Philadelphia, to be called the Medico Chirurgical College.

IN THE HOUSE. The Bill authorizing the Schuylkill and Susquehanna Canal Co. to construct boats, &c., passed three readings. A communication was received from the Governor, with documents enclosed, giving a list of all the pardons granted in the last six years—amounting to about 800.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, Feb. 5. Among the bills passed finally were those remonstrances against permitting the New York and Erie Railroad Co. to build their road from Lake Erie to Pennsylvania. Several Bills of various descriptions were reported from Committee and read in place. The Bills extending the time for constructing the Lackawaxin and Susque hanna Railroad, and authorizing the N. A. Ins. Co. to increase its number of Directors passed three readings.

IN THE HOUSE. Mr. Smith, of Berks, reported the Bill to reduce the capital stock of the Bank of Pittsburg to $1,000,000.

Mr. Hill, from a select committee on that subject, reported a bill providing for the payment of the troops called out during the South-Carolina difficulties in 1832. Passed the first reading

Selected Poetry.

TAKE TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—I don't pretend that the following is more than half worth reading, but I thought Mr. Jones would like it. Indy Advertiser, our Poetry's editor, also thinks that will make a "hit" with the public this year. Pinney, the hatched up's picture, and I wrote the verses. Abner's father to our subscribers. "If you just as you like about printing."

Nuff Ced THE EDITOR. We always do.]

THE WIDOW JONES.

Wrinkle and grease was the Widow Jones—
Comely widow, and fair to see;
Scarce had mother'ed her husband's bones,
And mourning became her amazingly

Hymen she had, and she had him not,
Beauty like her's you might not slight—
Dainty suitor for the widow's hand,
But more for her land, if she guessed right.

Comic Abner he popped the word,
When for the grave the bell he brought;
Didn't our Abner feel flat were he heard
That the Widow Jones was already caught!

Sworn was the widow, as she was born—
No one was the widow, as she was rich—
Others might lose an offer here—
The widow declared she was "none of such"

Widow Jones married a dozen years—
Widow Jones was a widow still;
Then she died out, to be comforted,
For one for the dog is "up and dust."

The deacon's widow was not so young,
As the Widow Jones of a year before;
The deacon's widow had gained in longer,
But the darkly colored had double power.

Comic Abner he leaned on his spade,
His head on his heart to the corpse drew near;
And Abner's eyes in dumb show made
A mourner, over the deacon's bier.

Now, thought he, as he threw in the clods,
I'm "left by the Fowring this time, sure—"
Scarce had he nearly arranged the sods,
Before he aimed at the widow's cure.

Abner he paused as he raised the latch—
He hardly a minute cause to pause;
Paused he, the tone of the man to catch,
It was "Deacon Abner, already here."

A year ago, cause Valentine,
She wielded the dresser, (another new—
Who penned on her heart the sid and wine,
Of comfort when he came to woo.

Abner is not discouraged yet—
He dropped her a note at her bridal day—
Which, for the most matrimonial set,
Responds to the heart of the widow gay.

And when the deacon is laid on the shelf—
Having misery's sense to sing where was his—
Unless he should choose to be shelved himself,
Abner will claim the Widow Light.

From the Magazines.

FROM THE SOUTH WESTERN LITERARY MAGAZINE.

A REMINISCENCE OF AN Old Bachelor.

BY JOHN SMITH, ESQ.*

"Yet we, beda whom, Damivel, especially for a widow, don't keep company; there's nothing but go and come and take pains, and you'll feel glad of it, afterwards."—*Pendennis.*

"It were a real increase of human happiness," observes Carlisle, "could all young men from the age of nineteen be provided under barrels, or rendered otherwise invisible, and there left to follow their lawful studies and callings till they emerged sober and wiser at the age of twenty-five, gawks and a light and foolish peacocks, and yet with such a voluptuous hungerit for all otherwise: so abhorrent and obstreperous, vain glorious; in all senses so froward and so forward." At the most wretched period of this most wretched age we sell our Alma Mater for a dime into society before settling down in a profession. Without settled principles or opinions, with no correct idea of the world, but with a firm belief that a diploma title was a panadise regained, in which wine and women, bills and bargains, cards and cigars floated confusedly in our fascinated imagination, with no control over our hands and feet, we were turned loose upon the enormity at large. Ever memorable time! Bright yet ruinous! The day, at least so much of it as we permitted to see our valuable person out of bed, was passed in loafing in coffee houses or nine-pin alleys, or driving fast trotting horses; while the evening found us prepared with others of like age and character, at the theatre, or any other place of amusement that would remain as late at night to curtle, but punch, trolled bones, and perhaps broken heads or the watch-house. How such a life could have terminated can only be imagined, for we were arrested in mid career. Gentle reader we tell to know!

Much has been said, sung and written upon this matter of love, and all to little purpose. That it is a disease, all admit, and of consequence evident to early youth—incident to the "hard" age, and fatal to old men. Like the measles and whooping cough, it seldom attacks anyone than once, and the older the victim the more dangerous. It ruins the health of the body and affects the mind. But the cure—what is the cure? And here all differ. Some recommend a remedy—others take to Byron and drink, and thereby prolong their misery. Some in but one cure. Let the patient eat—eat anything and every thing—eat with all his might, —and vitals and disease will straightway bother.

Twas at a party we were first attacked. We came to late, with a goodly quantity of bad Champagne in our weak head, just at the situation to be easily assailed by the disorder, and we met the cause. The occasion was a Quadrille, we and lifter, after leaving the witches den with Faust, remarks that his companion is to just the occasion to that the first woman he met an angel. From this we gather that the doctor was drunk. We were then on that memorable night, and through a sort of cloud, saw our angel seated at the piano. We recited a lean upon the mantel, and a long stare at the divinity before she, for some happy cuff put on our feet. We saw a multitude of silken ringlets falling over a marble brow, and shoulders of snowy whiteness. We saw eyes—full, glorious eyes, that welled untold and unutterable feelings forth. We saw a figure beautifully rounded, light as a fairy. And then, oh! ye gods, those hands, small, plump, delicately moulded, that seemed like gemmed insects, or rather beautiful birds, to hover and flutter on its ivory keys, charming music from the instrument they scarcely seemed to touch. Such execution was seldom heard on a piano—there is nothing to the execution done on our heart.

Years have passed away. We have seen beautiful women, and flirted with many, but not one that has realled the impression made that night. An artist has limned her features, and the painting hangs in our memory but as beautiful as it is, it comes not near that portrayed on our heart.

Oh! Widow Green—Widow Green, you were near the death of us, you were, indeed. You snapped nearly another dead on that last bound ne to the idea.—

The beautiful is vanished and returns not."

As dark shadows steal over the meadow when the sun departs, so gloom has settled on our soul since the companion fled from us to return forever. Oh! Widow Green, oh—

Hold! Bring us a potato—or we feel a relapse

We were introduced, and all the evening we honored round. I believe think of a youth with such feeling, "harrowing" is the last word to use, owing to sweet nothings leaped out in such a frank, unaffected manner, that the bee her hands had sent smashing through our poor heart was well cursed. We saw her bonnet and cloak taken and helped into her carriage, and then nested home drunk.

The following morning, dressed with unusual care, we called upon her charmer. Visit followed fast upon the heels of visit until we became a sort of fixture at the widow's mansion. We were encouraged in the most flattering manner. Observant reader, have you ever studied a widow, while courting her in a genteel youth and her timid. If you have, you have seen the latter in small—a twinkling youth—a youth of the "barrel" age may perhaps. To act the gentleman—comeback to make night hideous with serenades, to spend a fortune in bouquets and bonquets, to cause attendance at the theatre, balls, parties, and other exhibitions, etc.—to do all this is to do but a small part of that is essential. We must also take a share and expended like a nabob. Weak silver seem flew by us like autumn leaves, became thin and pale, and were subject to sudden fits of poetry. In looking out to see what new plans took, we find, among other like things, the following. It is given in the reader, not for any supposed merit, (leaners have the mark!) but as an imitation of what a matter-of-fact, fixations may be guilty of at the "barrel" age, when deeply in love.

The stars are bright to-night,
Bull runs the dreams around,
The moon is shining on the lake,
And flowers nodding dream.
The winds waste their perfume,
And all is rest and bliss,
Save one, who sees change to dream
By dint of sighs fresh.

Another night comes the fading wine,
And stars are in the skies,
I turn me from my sleep unrest
To music upon them rest;
Or, if perchance, we don't sleep appear
To find my heart repose,
The face from I see, I fear
The smile of thy rose.

* A 3 arrangement trickle was in us, and found readily of conversation. Self hereafter be cited as—*Mr. Smith.* Those are making their fortune accustomed to the highly sensitive, keenly, but go pressed to read into and manner—*Ed.*

Then wake—though ave my gentle bead
To dreams, wild fancies play,
Or wake—though hopes are crushed and they shed
Their waking tears away;
Oh! wake then, dearest, wake awhile,
The gentle wave we send,
Whose every word, whose every smile
The night is night indeed.

This was sung by a music man of rather dingy complexion (we had paid him a dollar, to warble the music in order to please the widow's window, at half-past eleven o'clock P. M., precisely. For an audience we had two of the three keys and a watch-dog. All "joined and dropped by," and having an eye for sweet sounds, remained to listen. Kindly favoring in a few remarks, such as "wake 'em up, Darby,—I go it strong," &c., and to show their musical abilities, whistled or sung off-hand accompaniment, were frowned with occasional indignation at the French bars. In the middle of the third line of the second verse, our musician suddenly ceased whistling—whereupon the applause became tumultuous. We were favored with a bow from the widow, but in descending, it also dropped her night-cap. I came sailing down like a snow-storm from heaven, and when I range, even unto this day, beside our mirror, a spring locket and heart.

What a very absurd bouncess, by the bye, is this serenading. For the lady, it may be well enough in the cold season, to be kept sweet, and then soothed to slumber again by strains that steal out on the night air. She retires about ten P. M. after doing up her lovely locks in brown papers, pulls over them a night-cap—